

## E L E G Y

On the much lamented Death of Mr. W— T—r, an Attorney,  
who departed this Life on *Saturday* the 1<sup>st</sup>. of *October*, 1726.

**S**INCE its a Fashion grown so Common,  
That not a *Whore*, or *Huckster* Woman,  
Or *Bawd*, or *Butcher* of the Town,  
Nor *Thief*, nor *Raschal* of Renown;  
But sometimes Living, sometimes Dead,  
Their *Elegy's* are sung or said:  
And Ballad-makers for small Fees,  
Do sing their Funeral *Obseques*.

Then sure it never shall be said,  
That *Blessed Billy T—'s* Dead;  
Nay, which is worse; and that he dy'd,  
And no One either Laugh'd or Cry'd!  
That were Unjust: And faith I know,  
Some have just Cause for Grief and Woe.  
A very **STONE**, itself appears,  
And speaks, and owns this Truth with Tears.  
Some *Lawyers* too, must be content,  
With numerous *Orphants* to lament;  
*Orphants*, for loss of their Estates,  
*Lawyers* for payment of his Debts;  
So what with suffering on that score,  
And Love they to his Person bore,  
They fret, they grieve, they wail and moan,  
But all in vain, Dear **BILLY's** gone.  
And many more there are, dear Honey,  
Who've lost their Labour and their Money,  
He still at Law wou'd keep them Tight,  
From him none could obtain their Right;  
So in conclusion, all their Gains,  
Was Money loss, their Labour and their Pains,  
Except the Pleasure of the Mind,  
Which *Clients* in Long Causes find:  
For *Will* he carried off the Gold,  
And gave his *Chaps* the Bag to hold.  
He's gone however to his Place,  
With how much Honour, how much Grace,  
And what Character left behind,  
Let such as know him speak their Mind.  
Death, an Execution granted,  
And two strong *Bums* in private planted,  
The one call'd *Jaundice*, the other *Dropsy*,  
Which turn'd poor *Billy turvy topsy*;  
And (like true *Catchpoles*) whom they seize,  
They do so cruelly Plague, and Teaze,  
Poor *Caitiff's* do, ev'n Death invoke,  
To come and strike the fatal stroke.  
But *Billy*, for a **CROCUS** cry'd  
And much upon his Skill rely'd;

He came, and due Attendance gave,  
Whilst any Coin was to receive;  
But still as Patients Purse grew Lank,  
The Doctor grows more just and frank,  
And after draining Purse and Blood,  
Tell Truth; That he could do no Good.  
And **CROCUS** herein did no more,  
Than **WILL** himself had heretofore,  
Done to his Clients o'er and o'er.  
Now Death perform'd the Gracious Act,  
And truss'd him up upon his Back,  
To set him safe on *Stygian* Shore,  
Since Friends and Fortune are no more,  
As Naked to the World he came,  
So very Poor he left the same.

What signifies how Mortals die,  
Or when, or where indeed? For why,  
Ther's little, very little here,  
That's worth a Wish, or worth a Tear;  
Then he's the Wisest Man, you'll say,  
That makes the best on't, whilst he may.  
And since that Life is but a Span,  
Lives well; that's **HAPPY**! As he can,  
Avoids all Cause of Grief and Pain,  
And Pleasure seeks, with Might and Main,  
The *Flesh* in all Things gratifies,  
In these Respects, Dear *Will* was Wise,  
Nor any Man of his Degree,  
In *Britain*, better liv'd, than He;  
A Decenter Apparel wore,  
Or kept a better Horse or *W-----re*,  
Or Company of any kind,  
Which best were suited to his Mind;  
And all, (as justly he might boast,)  
Was still at other People's Cost.  
With Feasting he made many Friends,  
Which help'd to carry on his Ends,  
Against all Equity and Right,  
By *Frاند*, by *Falsbood*, *Oaths*, and *Might*,  
But when, his Goodly *Crony's* found,  
His Fortune wrack'd, and run aground,  
They all abandon'd him together,  
As *Flys* abscond in Frosty Weather.  
So he in *Dudgeon*, went away,  
To take a Nap till Judgment-Day,  
Nor cares one Farthing, what all Mankind  
say.

## The E P I T A P H.

Under this Stone, hath Death, that cruel Goaler,  
Lodg'd the Body and Bones, of Honest Will T——r.  
That he was a True Friend, and Attorney Upright,  
M——ro can bear Witness, and S——on W——te,  
It's certain he's gone! But now how he Fares;  
I believe no Man Knows, and am sure, no One Cares.  
But if he's Rewarded, as was his Demerits,  
Libra nos Domine, from what he Inherits.